The Bystander, September 26, 1917.—No. 721. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER

THE RISING TIDE

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Menin Road Battle

In last week's push the history of all recent advances (and there have been no retirements) repeated itself. The Germans fought with equal ferocity and futility. All our gains were held, all the counter-attacks destroyed utterly. Gheluvelt, that historic village where, in the first Ypres battle, a handful of Worcesters and Welsh threw themselves into the broken and reeling line and by their valour stayed the whole German advance, saving Ypres—to say nothing of Calais—is now again almost within our grasp. Our losses were light, the enemy's heavy; and the victory of Menin Road, won by troops from nearly every portion of the Empire, has knit the men who won it closer together than ever before.

"Truth Will Out"

No wonder that the Kaiser, in his reply to the Pope's Note, remarks that "no people has more reason than the German people to wish that a conciliatory and fraternal spirit should prevail between the nations." Truth will out, even in the pomposity and unction of an official German document. But leaving this one sentence out of account, the Kaiser's protestations ring very hollow, and clearly nothing is further from his mind than to assume, voluntarily, the sackcloth and ashes of the penitent. There is not one word about repentance; there is not the faintest suggestion of reparation; and the Pope will, in his heart, probably prefer the silence with which the Allies have greeted his proposals to the hypocritical reply of the Central Empires.

HE THINKS HE LOOKS THE PART

The Harvest Moon

It seems to be generally assumed that we shall get a night air-raid at the end of this week, when the harvest moon, being at the full, will lend an unwelcome "high visibility" to London. And the clamour for "warnings" rises daily, together with suggestions, mostly inept, as to what form those warnings should take. The effect of the dread of air-raids on one section of the Press is manifest when it backs up as worthy of careful consideration the suggestion of a correspondent that the warning should consist in keeping the searchlights going all night so long as everything was all right, and turning them all out when notice of an impending raid was received. How this scheme is to convey any warning to people asleep in bed is not detailed!

Safety, Where Art Thou?

In any case, warnings of night raids would tend to create the very trouble which it is desired to avoid, viz., the shifting of large numbers of people into the streets—the place of most danger—in quest of a place of safety. The police advice is thoroughly sound, and can be crystallised into the formula: "When there is a raid, if you are in the street get inside a building; if you are in a building, stay there, and keep away from the windows." Short of a direct hit you are then fairly safe; and in considering the problem of direct hits, it is comforting to reflect (1) that London is quite a large place, and (2) that not more than about sixty bombs have been dropped on it in any one raid up to the present.

The Best "Warning"

But if you must have "warnings," the very best tip of all need only cost you a penny. Go down, about nine o'clock in the evening, on to the platform of some tube station in the E.C. or W.C. district. If everything appears normal, return home and go to bed in peace. But, if the seats on the platforms are crowded with persons talking German, who show no disposition to travel by train, it may be well for you to stay there as long as they do. *They* know all right when their brother Huns are coming!

"Sure Thing!"

Everybody knows that "America" has long been substituted for "England" in the dear old familiar "Gott strafe ——" formula; and it

(Continued on page 589)

Just About Fed-up With It

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Raven Hill's famous picture)

GENERAL SMUTS: "'Ad enough of it, 'ave yer? Ain't a bit like what you expected, ain't it? Want a little peace, do yer? Well, look 'ere; yer started out to enj'y yerself, an' enj'y yerself you shall, yer haggrandisin' little himperator!!"

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THE CHURCH ARMY WAR FUND

for the support of HUNDREDS OF RECREATION HUTS, TENTS and CENTRES for our gallant men at home and in every theatre of war, including about 200 under shell-fire on the Western Front. An INDISPENSABLE BOON, both to wounded and whole.

MANY MORE ARE URGENTLY REQUIRED.

Huts cost £500; Tents, £300—fully equipped.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.

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Notice to Advertisers.

Owing to the considerable demands for advertising space in 'The Bystander,' the Proprietors are reluctantly compelled to leave out a large number of advertisements every week.

SIX DAYS ADRIFT IN THE NORTH SEA!
Supreme test of the concentrated food value of

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK TABLETS

To HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., Slough, Bucks.

Dear Sirs,—As a member of the Royal Naval Air Service it will interest you to know that I recently proved the extreme value of your Malted Milk Tablets. In a flight over the North Sea on May 24th, 1917, the machine developed engine trouble and the pilot was compelled to descend, and we were left for six days adrift. To make matters worse the sea-plane capsized, and on the first day my companion lost a Thermos Flask filled with hot cocoa. From that time until we were picked up on the afternoon of May 29th (the sixth day) my companion and myself had no other form of nourishment but your Malted Milk Tablets contained in one of your well-known Ration Tins, except a ship's candle which we found in some drifting wreckage.

I feel, therefore, that we absolutely owe our lives to the contents of your invaluable Ration Tin, and I have the greatest pleasure in informing you of these facts, and express my gratitude for so compact a Ration Tin containing so much nutriment.

Yours truly (signed),——R.N.A.S.

SEND THEM TO YOUR NAVAL AND MILITARY FRIENDS

See that the name Horlick's appears on every Container.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or we will forward one of these tins post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give full name and address, or name of ship, also give your own name and address when sending remittance to

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

SIR JAMES HORLICK, Bart., President

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

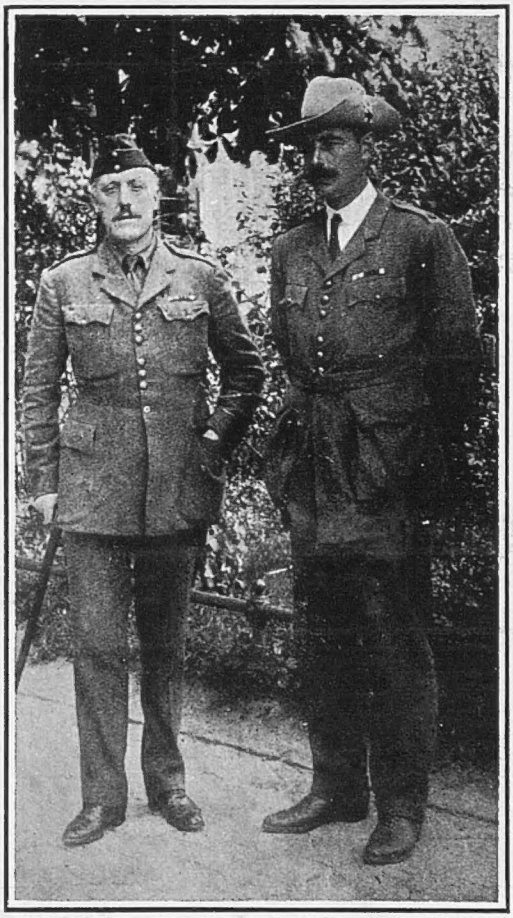
RUSSIA'S STRONG MAN

M. Kerensky is seen in this interesting photograph (in the centre of the group, with raised finger) joking with one of the Russian soldiers who make up the party. M. Kerensky seems to be doubling the rôle of "Little Father" and "Commander-in-Chief" with some success

now appears that the Germans are so anxious to see what an American is really like that their High Command is offering £40 and an Iron Cross for the first American brought into their lines, dead or alive. The successful bringer-in also gets fourteen days' leave; and from what we have learnt from the works of the late Mr. Jack London of the manners of American "rough-house" fighting I should think he will want all that. In any case, there should soon be plenty of opportunity for enterprising Huns to try their luck; but it seems more than likely that the Americans will not wait to be fetched. At any rate, the novelty of seeing them "in our lines"—but in a much livelier rôle than that of either dead men or prisoners—will soon wear off when those 2,000,000 really get to work. They'll be there.

Doctors' Fees Going Up

WITHOUT going so far as to approve the sentiments of the much-indebted Irishman who remarked that it would have been money in his pocket never to have been born, it is quite clear that life in war-time has its disadvantages—especially for those who "enjoy bad health." For it is going to cost us more to be ill in future. The doctors have met in conclave and decided to put up their fees 25 per cent. Everything used in connection with their practices has, they say, gone up in price. The increased cost of petrol makes higher visiting fees necessary, especially for country doctors: all drugs are "up."



THE EARL OF STAIR

And Lieut.-Col. Bolton arriving home from Switzerland, where they have been interned as prisoners of war. The Earl of Stair (then Lord Dalrymple, M.P.) was taken prisoner in the retreat from Mons

Brains and Guineas

THE last item may be admitted; but it would appear to be a matter already fully taken into account by the druggists, to judge from the price of a quinine pill; and so far as the cost of petrol goes I don't recollect that doctors' fees were reduced when the car ousted the brougham and enabled them to extend their country practices considerably. Brains, of course, have appreciably risen in price, and brains, after all, coupled with the quite indispensable "bedside manner," are the doctors' main asset. So we must not grumble too much: and in any case we shall have a hideous revenge when the doctors begin to calculate 25 per cent. on their half-guineas! If the change had the effect of making them abandon the guinea for the pound it would be almost worth the extra money to the public, who detest the guinea as a unit of payment, in spite of the superstition that people who are paid in guineas are invariably underpaid.

The Newest Peeress

Photograph] THE COUNTESS OF ORFORD [*Lafayette*

Married to the Earl of Orford on September 15. Before her marriage she was Miss Gladys Oakes, youngest daughter of the Rev. T. H. R. Oakes and Mrs. Oakes, of Netley St. Matthew, Southampton

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *September* 24, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

THOSE amusing people who talk quite seriously all about the elevating effects of war, how we're all to be reformed, or "deepened," or something, and sin cast out, and frivolity and extravagance eschewed, really ought to have had cards sent 'em for our very last word in *causes célèbres* at the Old Bailey the other day.

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REGULAR pre-war show it was! Outside the court a seething welter of able-bodied patriots, and inside, packed like sardines, the same crowd you meet at all the best restaurants and best revues and best dressmakers' and charity mats. It seems not a detail was missing from that slightly stuffy, but distinctly exciting, atmosphere that goes with the *crime passionnel* when it comes to court.

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LEADING, and frightfully expensive, counsel fulminated *priceless* platitudes—yes, we even had—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not," etc.

the judge was properly aloof and severe, and beautiful, be-wigged barristers and things picked up tips for future use in rows. But the audience, of course, is what matters at this sort of show, and this one was no exception.

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ANTICIPATING thrills, that section of society which specialises in the emotions as adding vim to the sameness of the luxurious life had wangled seats with immense success. Myriad marvellously manicured matrons accompanied posses of rosebud maidens, and for two whole days the Old Bailey officials feasted their eyes on the very best frocks, hats, vanity bags, pearls, and earrings, and smelt that sort of nice reminiscent bath-salt smell, while photographers waited, as at a Mayfair wedding, to snap "the Countess ——— and her daughter leaving the Malcolm trial."

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BUT, as everyone said afterwards, it looks like as if there'll be plenty more interesting shows of the kind. Half the world *have* got their husbands at the war, haven't they, and if they're all going to start shooting and that when they get taking stock after it's over—well, there'll be a grand time for the lawyers, won't there? Fortunately we don't all, of course, want "protecting"; but learned judges, I suppose, know that they don't exactly conform to the ingrained convictions of the ordinary normal man when they make public statement that a husband has no property in the body of his wife, and that she is mistress of her own physical destiny.

"Man is the natural payer-out"

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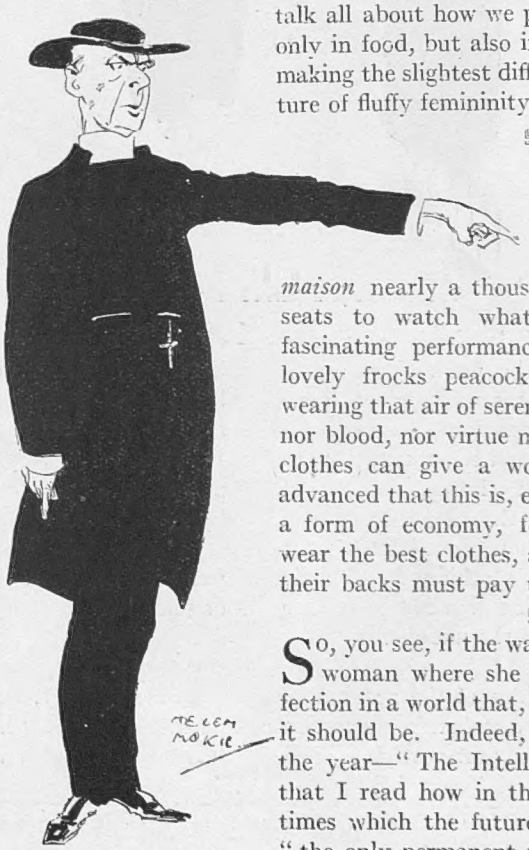
MAN, dear thing, naturally likes to own what he pays for, and until woman ceases to regard man as the natural payer-in-chief for everything, so long, I'm afraid, will *she* have to give at least something in return. Which reminds me, there's *streets* of fresh talk all about how we positively must economise not only in food, but also in money, but if you think it's making the slightest difference to the autumn expenditure of fluffy femininity you've guessed wrong. . . .



"The priests must denounce something"

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POSITIVELY can't remember how many dress parades I got cards for last week, and I hear that at one select *maison* nearly a thousand women fairly fought for seats to watch what I admit *is* an undeniably fascinating performance—streams of lovely girls in lovely frocks peacocking down a charming room, wearing that air of serene security which neither brains nor blood, nor virtue nor *anything*, but *only* beautiful clothes can give a woman. And it can't even be advanced that this is, even to the fluffiest intelligence, a form of economy, for the best *mannequins* only wear the best clothes, and those who tear them from their backs must pay the best prices.

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SO, you see, if the war's re-making men, it's leaving woman where she was—the most perfect imperfection in a world that, alas! is what it is and not what it should be. Indeed, it was in one of the books of the year—"The Intelligence of Woman," I think—that I read how in these extraordinarily unpleasant times which the future will call history, women are "the only permanent things left. Most of them are still uncertain whether Cadorna is a wine or a cheese.

(Continued on page 592)

They are greatly preoccupied with the difficulty of getting sugar, the deprivation of Viennese gloves, the unreliability of British dyes. . . .

"WHILE their husbands ponder War Loan, they cook, bring up children, arrange the flowers—in other words, carry on the business of life. Women stand, in a society of flux, like living reefs of coral in stormy seas which will go down and leave them undisturbed by and by. . . . Woman is mankind, while man is only man. . . . Everything that happens to her merely accentuates what is already in her. . . . Spirit of the race, she cannot be turned. Stained by a hundred faults, hampered by a thousand weaknesses, she is ennobled by the single virtue that she carries in her body the seed of time. . . ."

AND takes, there's no denying, the fullest advantage of that fortuitous circumstance! However, as another nice man's said, if woman makes all the trouble in life it's woman that makes life worth the trouble; so there you are. We've all got the defects of our qualities, being merely human; and war or no war, economy campaigns or what not, it's the nice little bit who wears the saucy hat, and *not* the assiduous cooker of cabbages or storehouse of the virtues, who gets the richest, nicest—in fact, the best of, if not all, the husbands.

IN England now, though Russia rocks and Sweden sneers, and the horrid war's still costing us our eight or so millions per day, the fourth autumn of war is setting in in cheerfullest style. The Lord Chief Justice is in America counting up the money, and the war-makers are in Paris fixing up the war programme, and at home there are all the usual little autumn excitements—a new political party, and a new committee to "reform" those wicked old Lords, crowds of tit-bit-ty memoirs amongst the new books, new plays, new fashions, and last, though not least, a most intriguing new syndicate that's asking for a little matter of a mere thousand million pounds "to finance the British food supply and kill the middleman."

BUT the most drastic new idea of the autumn to date is, perhaps, Lord Burnham's suggestion (he's the chairman of the new peer-purifying committee) that we ought to have—and soon shall have—Labour Lords. And, after all, why not? Their manners are at least as good as some of the commercial peers, and they're getting some of the biggest jobs in the Government, so why not in *Debrett*, though I'm afraid there'd be some heart-burning among those more Socialistic of their comrades who think peers are an outrage, anyway. And there might, too, be some slightly catty remarks passed by such comrades' wives who'd been fortunate enough to escape the temptation of ermine, red velvet, and a coronet. "Sidey swanker" would probably be the least of their epithets. . . .

APROPOS, a cheery social scheme is also well in hand for the months when the days draw in. A society opera season for one thing, with the smartest and most elaborate Russian shows like *Ivan the Terrible* and *Prince Igor*, as well as actually three English operas, including a Bantock rendering of *Omar Khayyám*, whose most famous verse I've just been reading, by the way, in French. Rather sweet:

> Ici, avec un morceau du pain, sous les branches
> Un flaçon devin, un livre de vers . . . et Toi,
> Devant moi chantant dans le désert . . .
> Et le désert sera mon Paradis.

Suppose it's because of rations and all that that the "loaf of bread" has been reduced to a mere *morceau*.

"The mannequin parade is very fascinating"

AND as one must keep in the public eye anyway, and afternoons are long in war-time, Society is also, of course, starting in again very soon with a crowd of charity matinées and bazaars and bridge teas and all the rest of it. So far the most intriguing show fixed up is the Tableaux of Angels one at the Palace for the British Women's Hospital, where they're "presenting," amongst other things, Botticelli's exquisite National Gallery "Nativity," with its lovely bending Madonna and adorable plump baby, and knowing cows and crowds of swaying and barefooted and bare-armed, but otherwise well-draped, angels. It ought to be very amusing when you think of the people who are going to "get their wings." I suppose, by the way, one *may* find angels and cherubim and seraphim and things amusing? Never can remember, you know, whether they aren't considered semi-divine or something.

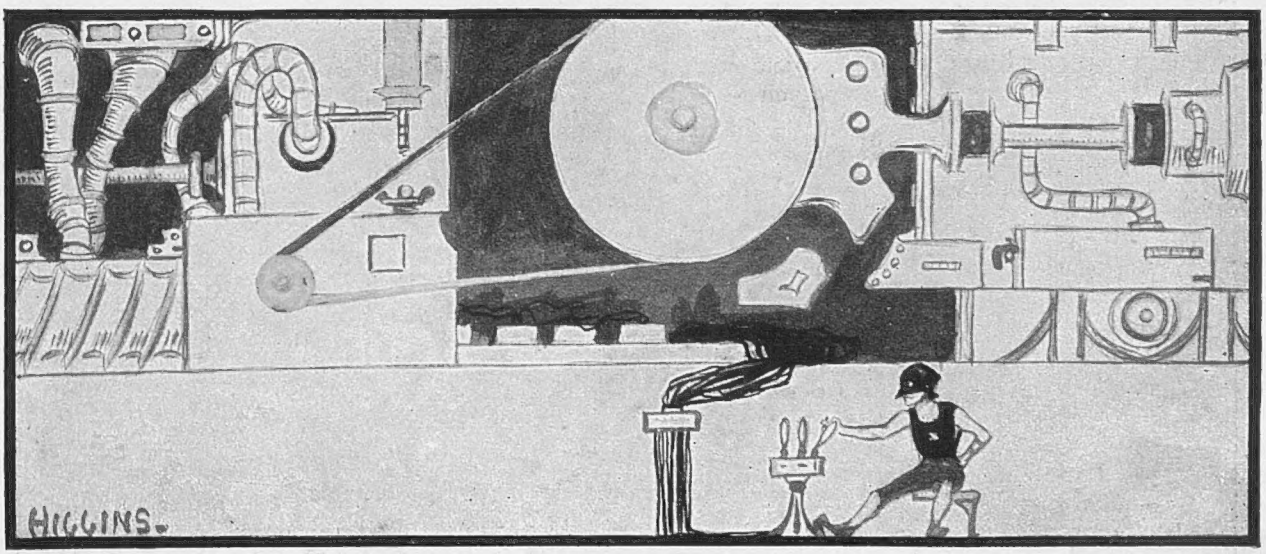
THOUGH, of course, really it'd give the affair (and, incidentally, the cause) a quite top-hole advertisement, if Father Bernard Vaughan or somebody would get on their hind legs and furiously denounce it as impious or something just at the very moment when we'd all paid our guineas and squashed into our seats to see our posiest peeress posing piously and prayerfully, wearing one of those rapt, heavenward glances and carrying a long, languorous lily

(Continued on page 594)

A Cycle of Food Control

A.D. 917

A.D. 1917



A.D. 2917 (?)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

clasped in her hand. Always go down with the masses, you know, these denunciations of Society's carryings-on, and don't hurt anyone, anyway.

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No good being a fashionable preacher, is it, if you don't denounce something? And now we've given up so many of our peace-time sins it's not so easy to find texts for the lashings, except, of course, the good old birth-rate—that's a hardy annual of the hardiest, and more of a favourite than ever in war-time, when baby-culture is nationally, as well as domestically, important. But I'm sure everyone would try hard to do better about it—no matter *how* appalling the price of food and boots and everything—if the country or someone would adopt Father Bernard Vaughan's bright idea of rewarding, to scale, the parents of more than four children; and if there were only more people in the world like the devoted parishioner who expressed his appreciation of the curate's triplets in terms of a cheque for £300—well, there'd be a positive *rush!*

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Though people these days, I fear, have no longer that blind confidence in guidance from high places that they used to have in the dear old days when, as Mr. Wells says in "The Soul of a Bishop" (which has so roughly ruffled smooth ecclesiastical waters), men permitted themselves to be ruled and misled by idiot princes and usurper kings and allowed diplomats and statesmen to land the world in this unimaginably awful war. When, for instance, Ministers and people tell us one day that we're all right for foodstuffs and the next that we're near to semi-starvation, the net result is that the careless just go on as they were and the careful can do no more than try to square things by splitting the difference.

But with careless and careful alike the way the war's being run in the dark in England now is having a bad effect on nerves. People are fed up with the vague generalities of Ministers about what we're going to do *after* the war as well as with horrible disclosures of all the betrayals and clumsinesses of *before* the war. What we're all hungering and thirsting for here is some news about the war *now*—how we're getting on with it, how we've got on with it, how we're going to get on with it.

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It can't be, surely, that there's stalemate everywhere, but why haven't we heard anything but the barest details from any of the fronts for months and months? Even from France, no dispatch since the spring, and there's been Arras and Messines, besides all the rest since then. And as for other fronts—Salonica's a mystery we've heard nothing about for a whole year, except unofficially how our men are going through it with illness and the heat and other trials; from Mesopotamia silence since our one success, the fall of Baghdad, in March, and anxiety as to the fate of all our thousands of men in that unspeakable country is getting almost beyond bearing.

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From Palestine we never get more than a telegram, and even now no one's *quite* certain who won the Gaza battle six months ago, while from East Africa the very latest despatch only brought us to last January. It does seem hard, doesn't it, that when we've given our men and they've given up everything we shouldn't at least have news of them? War nerves aren't cured that way—'specially when hoping-for-the-best rather than bounding confidence is the outstanding national condition of the moment.

With love, yours ever, Blanche

TRYING TO BETTER "THE BETTER 'OLE"

The L.C.C., with a desire to add verisimilitude to the hoarding announcements of the Oxford, has been constructing a most life-like trench in the roadway right in front of that theatre

The King on the Clyde

On His Majesty's visit to the Clyde "shops" last week he took the opportunity of inspecting an American patrol ship, accompanied by Lieut.-Commander Fredericks

The King is shown in this photograph in the turbine shop at David Rowan's; while inset is Miss Lizzie Robinson, who was decorated by His Majesty with the British Empire Medal for bravery while at work, at the grand investiture attended by nearly 100,000 people

"Somewhere in Flanders"

QUAND L'AMOUR MEURT

My Dear Bystander—

McTavish had been complaining in the mess that his wife had taken up vegetable culture and that owing to the expenses incurred in this economy ruin was staring him in the face.

"Now if your wife only lived in Chili," interposed Buckle, who hails from that dim corner of the globe and exudes South American anecdotes on the slightest provocation, "you could get out a medical certificate in two shakes and save the situation. When the presence of any of your relatives becomes offensive to you, you merely walk round to see your medical man and get an insanity certificate out of him. The rest is ridiculously simple.

"Now my lawyer, Joaquin Froilau Gargalas, was a most worthy citizen in every respect. He would scorn to make more than a dozen or so entries in illegible Spanish in his bill against you, wore patent leather boots with heliotrope tops, and dearly loved Amada, his wife. Indeed, the little *bijou* residence near the station in which Señor and Señora Gargalas had their being may be fittingly described as a veritable love-nest.

"Then came the serpent.

"Among the clients which Señor, or, rather, Doctor Gargalas numbered on his books figured a fascinating widow, one Josefina Bardadoz.

"In a sworn statement before a Public Notary made by the office boy in Doctor Gargalas's employ, appeared the interesting item that during the first month of the acquaintance of his master with Señora Josefina Bardadoz, he (Ricardo, the office boy) received his monthly salary twice over on the same day. From this phenomenon we may deduce that Dr. Gargalas was fast yielding—if he had not already succumbed—to the seductive charms of his captivating client.

"The weeks sped by, friendship ripened into love, and the time had almost come to buy the railway tickets for the honeymoon trip to Valparaiso before it occurred to Joaquin that a sudden parting from Mrs. Gargalas, a lady of an abnormally jealous disposition, was not such an insignificant matter as appeared at first sight, but on the contrary called for the exercise of a high degree of stratagem and guile.

"So Joaquin Froilau Gargalas went round to see his doctor, and on the following afternoon, while Mrs. Gargalas was placidly mending a hole in one of her husband's worsted stockings, strong men drove up at the front door and after a short struggle Mrs. Gargalas found herself travelling in the direction of the Home for the Insane, something after the manner of a calf beneath the net in a butcher's cart.

"Meanwhile Joaquin was upstairs busily engaged in packing boots and things in his Gladstone bag. He was interrupted in this genial pursuit by the entrance of a boy with a telegram. Tearing open the missive he read that, owing to having encountered somebody she liked better, the lovely Josefina would not be catching the 10.40 p.m. train in the company of Joaquin.

"Like a man in a trance, Joaquin hurried round to his office to telephone at all speed to the object of his devotions, only to find that the lady had anticipated him with a key, hurriedly leaving again with the entire collection of private documents which trusting clients had deposited in his safe keeping.

"Like a bullet from a gun sped the remorse-stricken Joaquin to the Home for the Insane. But there was nothing doing.

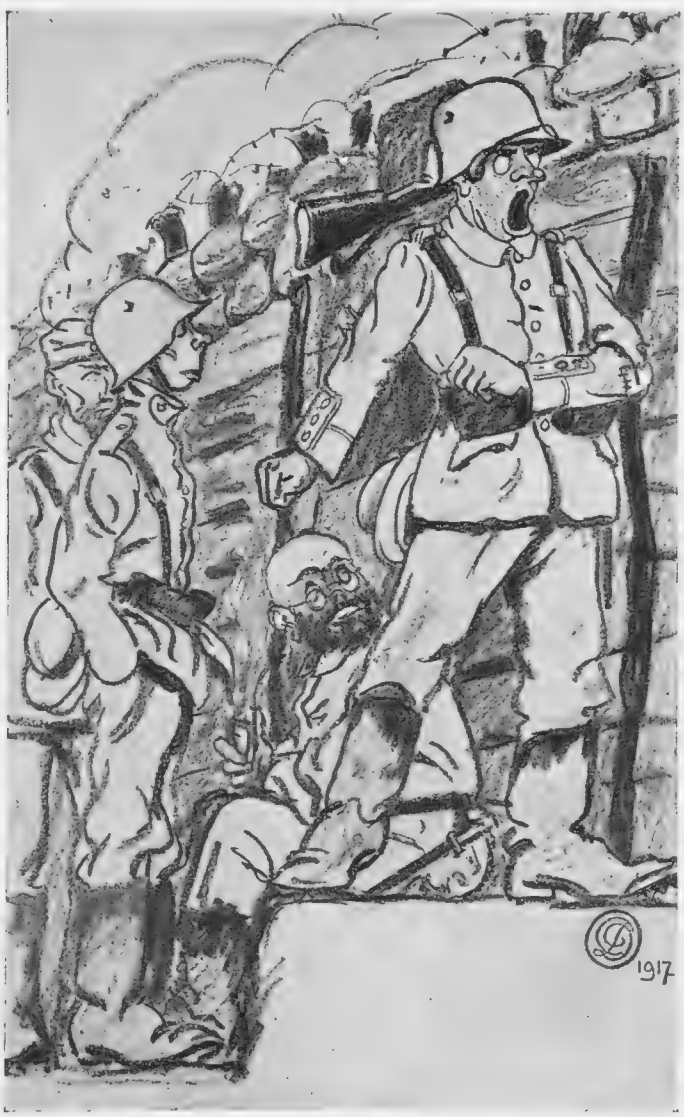
"Amada Gargalas, overwhelmed by the situation, had gone entirely out of her senses, and had developed the first symptoms of homicidal mania to a degree without parallel in the memory of even the oldest attendant at the institution.

"And so it was that ten days later, Joaquin Froilau Gargalas joined Amada in padded room No. 4 of the Home for the Insane.

"It will be seen——."

But the rest died away in a gurgle as McTavish thugged him from behind.

Yours ever, Jack Johnson



THAT HORRIBLE PLUM AND APPLE!

"Sing more, Fritz; der Inglish will perhaps yet throw plum and apple!"

Army Instructions Bystandardised—No. 12

Loopholes, listening posts, and entries
Must be manned by watchful sentries.

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE CORPORAL: "And if you are awake when them rations come up, don't forget 'oo's is the small 'un"

"Peace-Time" in Spain

SOLDIERS CHARGING A GROUP OF STRIKERS

MACHINE GUN SECTION INSTALLED IN THE GARDENS

INFANTRY, BACKED UP BY CAVALRY, PREPARING TO CLEAR THE STRIKERS OUT OF THE RUE BRARO MURILLO

Such is the topsy-turviness of the present time that there has been a great deal more bloodshed in Madrid during the recent strike than in any of the capitals of the principal belligerents of the world war

The Bystander in Paris

THE GUNNERS' LEAVE

"To go to bed at ten"

MESSIEURS—

WE have had such fun, Lucile and I, and now we are sad, for the gunners who came on Tuesday have gone to-day. Their three days' leave in Paris is finished, and we and they have only little memories of fun to hug for a souvenir. They were so *gentil*, so amused at everything. Sometimes the captain would say naughty things about the war, but that was only to tease the little major and to make him appreciate how nice it was to be away from the "old Boche" and the big "hows." that they strafe him with. And the major would laugh his jolly little laugh, and say: "That is only Jock's way of pretending he doesn't enjoy it."

✲

I AM always so sad that Paris is so changed when our friends of the *Armée Anglaise* come to see us. I know that if I were a man I would miss the café's concerts and all the gaieties of other times. It is good for the health, perhaps, but very *triste* to have to go to bed at ten o'clock because there is nothing else to do and nobody to talk to.

✲

WE worked hard to make them enjoy themselves, Lucile and I. When they came we asked: "What would you like to do?" and the little major said at once: "Jolly-oh as riotous as is decent." That is what I like about Englishmen, they "jolly-oh" so decently. Then he turned on our gramophone and because something grated inside took it all to pieces to mend it. Léonie, our maid, has just brought me some of the insides and asked what she will do with them, but the major was really quite happy, and I am, anyway, not sorry that it will never worry again.

✲

THE Captain wanted to sit below a tree and drink long, cool drinks, he said, the first afternoon, and so we went to the little island in the lake in the Bois. He was very silent for a long time, and then he slapped the major on the back, which was very improper behaviour to his superior officer, and he said: "Heaven isn't such a bad place, old top, compared with Vimy Ridge. It lies on an island in a lake where there are acacias and pine trees and long drinks, and two beautiful ladies with silk stockings and adorable little feet. It is always September there—blue, grey, and gold, and Ganymede has a hole in his head because he didn't put on his tin hat, and he wears a wounded stripe and the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre."

"The captain wanted to sit below a tree"

✲

WE applauded his pretty speech, and he rose and bowed. "Now," he said, "that I have seen Heaven and—Vimy, show me Paris of the earth." And we dined at Ciro's. All the worlds that are in Paris just now were at Ciro's. It is not Heaven there, and not the poor France the soldiers know, but all the sunshine and richness of the fields of the country are in the

(Continued on page 609)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

wines they sell, and all the sweetness of earth and sea in the *poulets*, the *ris de veau*, and the oysters.

⁂

LUCILE says that if I were a man I would be a gourmet like our uncle, Gaston Paul, who never pays for a dinner because he is so distinguished a diner that the *restaurateurs* think it an honour to receive him, but I think it most important to regard well the cooking of the things we eat. And for these dear gunners it meant so much to have so lovely a dinner as I chose for them. I could see them look happier and happier every course till we reached the coffee. "Earth and its products are nearly as good as heaven was," said the captain. "But somewhat more expensive," said the major when the waiter brought the *addition* and so little change out of 150 francs.

⁂

WHAT other things we did were all like that first day. "To eat well, to sit in the September sunshine of the Bois and to sleep in a large brass bed, of which the mattress was made by an artist, that is the perfect life," the Captain said.

"A little concert"

There was only one moth in the candle. I suppose the authorities think they are wise to make the rule, but for our friends it was hard that they could not have their own national drinks—a whisky and soda before bed-time and a gin and bitters before lunch.

⁂

ONE night we went to Montmartre and another to the Quartier Latin; but oh! how changed they are that it would make me too, too sad to write of them. On the Butte, where the world used to amuse itself after the children were put to bed, the big moon shines down now and finds its streets as innocent as her own light. "Is this Montmartre?" the Captain asked as we drove home past the shuttered windows. "It might be Moreton-in-the-Marsh on a Sunday evening."

⁂

AND in the Quartier it was the same. There are too many ghosts now in the cafés, and those *réformés* of the Allies who still follow the three sisters play dominoes and drink Dubonnet with long faces like draggled crows sheltering from a thunderstorm. We did not stay long there, but hurried back to our own *appartement* to make a little concert on the piano and sing till M. Monis, who lives above, came down with his nightcap over his ears to ask if we were entertaining the whole British Army. He was so sarcastic. "In battle," he said, "your friends are magnificent, but the Boche can at least keep the key when he sings."

⁂

IT was not nice of M. Monis to so spoil our party, but he belongs to the old school of Frenchmen, into whose houses only the family was ever admitted. When they entertained it was in a café, but the war is altering that. Even among the *petite bourgeoisie* there are more parties now when the *poilus* have their *permission* and the cafés are closed so early. The *concierges* complain that they are wakened more to let people out of the houses than they were before the war to let the gay boys in.

Your French friend, AGNÈS

"M. Monis came . . ."

"NAVAL RESERVE"

"THE mental condition of the deputy, M. Lvoff," wrote a Petrograd correspondent the other day, "gives rise to some doubts." Well, wouldn't *yours*, if you had had the job of acting as intermediary between Korniloff and Kerensky?

NO wonder the prospects of the next German War Loan are described as desperately shaky. Those who have subscribed to its predecessors are getting more and more afraid that their money has been *spurlos vesenkt*.

ODD that the humourless Boches should provide all the best jokes of the war. But even *they* won't evolve a better one than their request to the Argentine Government to furnish a safe-conduct for—Count Luxburg!

THE newspaper "comps." of Free Russia are said to have been chiefly instrumental in securing the failure of Korniloff's movement. Probably they mistook the general for a would-be tyrant, who wanted to make "galley"-slaves of them.

OUR native printers, by the way, seem a bit upset by the prospect of a feminine invasion of their craft. If they still think printing is exclusively a man's job, the war-woman is evidently a type with which they have yet to become familiar.

WE take it that the writer in a Sunday paper who wants England to offer "peace on sliding a scale" won't find there is much enthusiasm for this ingenious method of "letting down" his country.

SILVER, it is stated on authority, is now worth more than twice as much as it was before the war. That may be—but, unfortunately, so also are all the things you exchange it for.

THERE are no pigs in the pig-markets. Tiresome, isn't it? And all the other markets are swarming with them!

MR. HODGE says he always feels personally that the lads in France are fighting for him. The feeling does him credit, don't you think?

"THE journalist," says Mr. Herbert Samuel, "is a machine for producing wisdom in specified quantities at a maximum speed." How true! And a politician is a machine for producing inefficiency at a maximum price.

"THERE is no better way of discovering the quality of a man," Mr. Lloyd George assures us, "than by fighting him." Will someone be kind enough to hold our coat?

THE most frightful of our newest engines of war, we are told, was invented by the musical critic of a rural weekly paper. We can well believe it!

"LET'S invade Lithuania," said the Kaiser. "Yes," said Ludendorff, "Letts."

NO one can help being an Englishman," says an Irish lady. "It is a misfortune." On the other hand, no Englishman wants help, he helps himself, it is his wa y

CAMOUFLAGE

Disguising a British merchant ship as a German sausage factory under the direction of the Admiralty (Trade Division)

A "Ticklish" Question

"Well, Higgins, you didn't have to scratch your match after all?"
"Oh, no, sir, thank you; it went off without an 'itch!"

A Ti

PASSED BY CENSOR

"S'pose we'll 'ave to stop behind ar

dy Job

nd tidy all this up when it's over, Bert"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

In Mid-Victorian Array

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

MISS MARIE BLANCHE

Who contributes in such generous measure to the success of "Carminetta" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"ARLETTE" AT THE SHAFTESBURY

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by E. A. Morrow

THEY call it an operette, which is, I believe, the French for a musical comedy. But, after all, it is not what people call us, but what we are that matters. And *Arlette*, really, is a most delightful mixture of mirth and music of the kind that is usually very popular. The plot has been considerately arranged so that at no time shall it impose an excessive mental strain on the audience; and when, as is usual in this kind of entertainment, the story is interrupted here and there by a song or a dance that has nothing to do with it, there is no danger of your missing the thread, or any nonsense of that kind.

*

THE host of the evening, as it were, is Mr. Joseph Coyne, alliteratively disguised as Prince Paul of Perania, a title that is quaintly reminiscent of Peter Piper and his famous peppercorns. The idea is that the finances of the State of Perania are in a bad way. To be precise, there is only one franc left in the Treasury, and that appears to be in coppers. Consequently, Prince Paul is required to marry into a rich American family, so that he can afford to give his subjects a home "like they've been used to," as the colloquialism has it. The Prince, however, prefers to give his hand where his heart may go with it, and if there is anything else in the plot I didn't notice it.

*

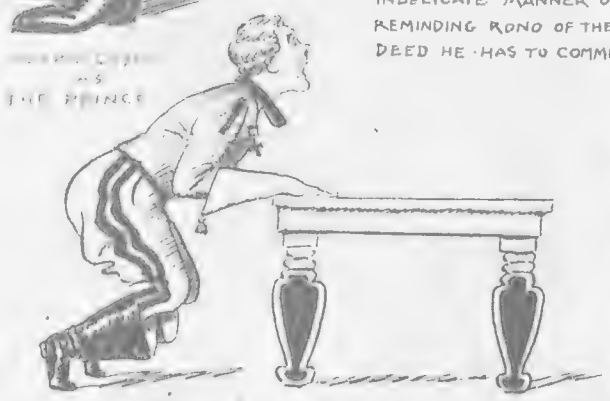
IT is true there is some vague talk about a revolution, with Miss Joan Hay as Kalitz, a picturesque firebrand sighing for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, that *songe entre deux mensonges*, as a lively Frenchman once put it; but the only effect of this is to prove that her stage sweetheart, Mr. Stanley Lupino, is an absolutely incompetent assassin. Mr. Lupino is Rono, a private soldier in the army of Perania, and at the instigation of Kalitz he sets out to kill the Prince with all the suavity and indirectness of a Polite Lunatic. If he should succeed, it is understood that Kalitz will marry him; if not, she will kill him. From what we saw of the excitable lady, I could not myself be quite certain which alternative I should prefer.

(*Continued on page 605*)

"ARLETTE" AT THE SHAFTESBURY

WINIFRED BARNES AS "ARLETTE"

MR. LUPINO has a capital song, entitled "On the Staff," which was enthusiastically received by the military portion of the audience; and even to a mere civilian like myself it was hugely funny. In the course of the song the singer supplies himself with a "red hat" and the usual "tabs," which, added to the uniform of Perania, supply a "juxtaposition of incongruities" that is complete. The success of the evening is, however, reserved for a more delicate display of humour, personally conducted by Mr. Coyne and Miss Winifred Barnes, the Arlette of the production. The idea of the song is that both would have fallen in love before but for the fact that they "didn't know the way to"; and the dainty fun is emphasised by the fact that Mr. Coyne makes a special feature of a demonstration of affection that, to say the least of it, does not suggest the raw novice at the game. His comprehensive hugging of his partner, done in the most delicate manner in the world, seemed to give the ladies especial satisfaction, and they encored the performance again and again.



[illegible] AS THE PRINCE

KALITZA'S RATHER INDELICATE MANNER OF REMINDING RONO OF THE DEED HE HAS TO COMMIT

JOHNNY FIELDS

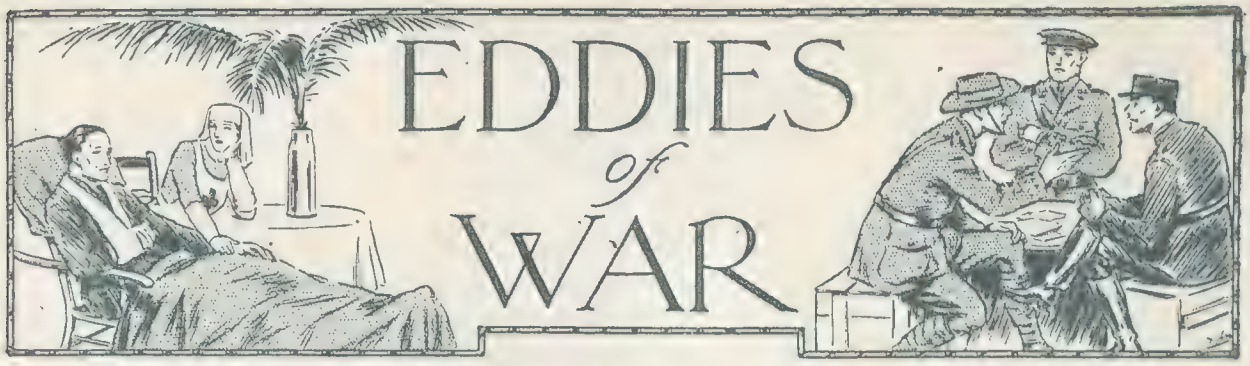
SOME MINISTERS AND OTHER COURT OFFICIALS

Two gendarmes of the "comic" school that is always exaggerated with a free hand in musical plays of the kind are well represented by M. Yvan Servais and M. Lucien Mussière, French comedians of rare quality. They are employed in the pursuit of the Crown jewels which have been stolen, and only realise the futility of their job when they learn that the thief is no other than the Prince himself, who, longing for a night out, has taken his courage in both hands and pawned the entire collection of rare jewellery for the not very round sum of sixty francs. Even on this amount, however, a Prince cannot get too frightfully riotous, so the ill-gotten gains are risked in a plunge at the gaming tables, with the happy result that the Prince subsequently has banknotes to throw away. The scenery and mounting are tasteful to a degree, and the entertainment itself should appeal to a very wide section of the public.

JINGLE

Straining the Gnats

TOMMY IN BACKGROUND: "Gor lummy, this grub ain't arf stringy!"
TOMMY ON DONKEY: "No wonder, you idiot, you're eating it through your mosquito net."



GRIT. BY DELL LEIGH

When Liége fell their ruin was complete and absolute. You can picture the family. The old mother, brought up in the city, she and all before her for generations back. If you had told her she was to be suddenly uprooted, and thrown out, she would have just stared blankly at you, and said, "*Vous êtes fou, mon ami.*" But thus it was. Not only the old lady, but Angèle, the married daughter, and Pierre, her quiet, thoughtful husband. Jean the son, who dealt in steel, and was rushing about Europe somewhere selling it in August, 1914, was submerged in the wave of war and lost to them. But they were too dazed to cope with that fact just then. They were just jettisoned from the vessel of war. "Useless mouths," you might say; and they turned the corner of their little street at dusk, with three brown paper parcels in their hands and a great agony clutching at their hearts. It was as hopeless an outlook as the mind can picture.

* *

Jean was silent, and merely stared ahead of him, thinking who knows what? Angèle let her tears dry upon the cheek, for it soon became evident that her weeping was but hanging another millstone about her mother's neck. And together they walked, these three outcasts, for three whole days. You know, some of you, the state of all the coast roads during those piteous weeks. You know how they fared who were not actively engaged in stemming the German tide. You know, also, how the women fared. But for those of you whose sufferings are bounded by the fact that you can't drink a whisky and soda in your favourite grill-room after the play, realisation of what the Fallier family suffered is well-nigh impossible. I know, because they have told me just a little. Also, I knew the Belgian roads about that time. But they don't say much; there are certain things you can't speak about. The old lady shrugs her shoulders now, says "*enfin c'est comme ça,*" and changes the subject. How they got to the coast with her through three days of dust and heat and three nights of noise and horror upon horror I cannot tell. But they did. I think Pierre must have been the head and corner-stone of that affair, for talking to him yesterday in his factory, amid the whirl and clank of his machinery, I was impressed with the deadly *intensity* of the man, his calm forcefulness.

* *

Jean is of the other school. Of a volatile temperament and a colossal energy, he carries himself off his own feet with enthusiasm and *joie de vivre*. But he is a good business man, and was quick to realise, when war broke his Liége steel business into splinters, that England was the place to build it up again. Thus the inscrutable fates working brought the Fallier family together again suddenly in Jean's bed-sitting-room in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. This is the one scene in the tragedy they will dwell upon; and I think that, so poignant was the mother's joy and the son's relief, they would go through it again if they could have that scene at the end.

* *

But there they were. The mother, daughter, and son-in-law spoke no English. Their money was gone, their country was in flames. London didn't want them, it was too busy waking up to its own unpreparedness. What were they to do? Jean and Pierre put their first-class business heads together, and proceeded straightway to borrow money from the bank. I conclude the Société Générale must have had a slight lapse into benevolence, unless it was a very fine example of shrewdness on the part of the manager. They got a little to go on with. But they then proceeded with astonishing rapidity, though heavily handicapped, to build up a business from less than nothing. I am wrong in saying less than nothing. They had two assets The combination of their brains; Pierre, the quiet calculator, the inside man of detail and routine, and Jean, with the personality, the *joie de vivre*, and the immense capacity for going out and getting orders from people who didn't want to give them. And, secondly, their womenfolk behind them. England, about that time, felt she would like to have a few more aeroplanes than she had got, as the enemy seemed to have an uncomfortably large number. So she proceeded forthwith to build them in her own inimitable way. You can't have aeroplanes without large quantities of metal fittings of all shapes and sizes. You can make vast quantities of metal fittings if you know how, and you get busy. Jean and Pierre knew how, and they both got extremely busy. They have been busy ever since. They have worked all night, as well as all day, often. They both smoke too many cigarettes, and they look tired out. But they don't care. Pierre hovers about his machine tools, a happy man. Jean rushes here, there, and everywhere, as if he had not a moment to live. And at night they go home to the family. That is the crux of the situation. The women play a big part in this very thriving business, and without them, especially without the old lady, they would never have done what they have. Jean drove me down in his big Daimler last Saturday to Maidenhead. He threw his arms about the steering-wheel as he told me a lot I didn't know before, and said in conclusion, "*mais, mon ami, c'est de la chance tout simplement*"!

I said: "No; we have another word, and we call it—'grit.'"

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Peace and Quiet

THERE is a popular delusion to the effect that London is a noisy place Experience teaches me that it must be one of the quietest and most peaceful spots on earth I suppose it is because there are so many noises in London that one drowns the other, and all combine to produce the effect of silence, just as the many brilliant hues of the solar spectrum combine to produce a colourless light

⁂

THERE is another popular delusion to the effect that if you want to be supplied with a really complete outfit of peace and quiet you must go into the country to get it. This is a truly pathetic delusion. I have the facts to support me in that conclusion. I was recently advised to go away for a few days to a rural spot, which I was assured was famous for its old-world quietude. It is one of the few spots still left that are a long way from everywhere; and I was assured that peace and quiet were its exclusive industries.

⁂

FOR the first few hours I thought I had never been in such a still, silent place in my life, so easily may a simple and confiding soul like myself be deceived! From my window the gorse and heather stretched away to the horizon a couple of miles distant; and in the few scattered houses that made up the "village" there was no sign of life. The only sound I heard was the rustle of a leaf close by—a rustle so gentle and so apologetic that the trembling leaf seemed to be pleading that it would never have ventured to break the tremendous silence of its own accord, but had done so because the ill-bred wind had pushed it. But I see now that that was all part of the bluff.

⁂

THE country is a noisy place. There is so much silence there that when it is broken ever so gently a hole not less than a mile square is rent in the atmosphere. In London, for instance, if you decide to stay an extra hour in bed there is nothing to disturb you. In the peaceful and quiet country, however, you cannot even get the sleep that is due to you, let alone any extras. Somewhere about sunrise on the morning after my arrival I was awakened by a tremendous noise, which I gradually identified as the crowing of a cock. They told me the horrid thing was half a mile away; but in that great silence I might just as well have had it under my pillow. Besides, as Thomas Carlyle said, it is not the crowing that worries so much as the agony of waiting for the next outburst. After this unseemly bird had sung about half a dozen solos with the same chorus other roosters took up the wondrous tale, as old Andrew Marvell puts it, until the air was positively streaked with their din.

⁂

THEN somewhere on the horizon line the cows chimed in. I could not see them for the distance, but in the great and solemn silence their moans seemed to crash into my room and scratch the wall-paper. It seems that a cow knows pretty well as soon as a barometer when rain is likely, and having a natural disinclination to getting its fur wet, it groans intermittently like a lost soul, in the hope that its friends will hear it and will take it indoors till the clouds have rolled by. In London such noises would be inaudible in the general mixture, but in the expansive silence of the country they stand out, as it were, framed and glazed and ready for immediate use.

⁂

I CAME down to breakfast with the feeling that I had had a broken night. For a little while the countryside was silent, and I began to nourish the hope that the alleged stillness might, after all, prevail. And just at that time a distant hen could be heard spluttering out her announcement that she had positively laid an egg, though it seemed to me that she was making a rather absurd fuss over an event which could not have been at all an unusual phenomenon in her experience.

⁂

BUT the climax came when the peace and quiet of the countryside were suddenly torn to shreds by a number of heartbreaking shrieks and squeals that made the windows rattle in their frames. The calm explanation given to me was that Mr. Blank, on the other side of the common, was "ringing" his pigs, and that it would probably be about an hour before the unhappy creatures would have finished noisily protesting against the indignity to which they had been put. In that hour I arranged for a conveyance to take me to the railway station. I wanted to get back to peaceful and quiet London as soon as possible.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

SHE: "I hear you are engaged to an actress?"
HE: "Yes, I tried to break it off though."
SHE: "Indeed, and what are her terms?"
HE (sadly): "Annexation or indemnity"

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In the "Pill-Box"

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

(A "pill-box" is a German machine-gun post. It is a small circular fort built of concrete, sometimes with walls 10 feet thick. It is annoyingly, and frequently immensely, strong.)

"THEY are quiet now," cried Theodor.

"So! There is nobody before you, then," said Johann. "In front of you, Otto?"

"None. They have all vanished."

"You, Erich?"

"None at all. I see only mud and the feet of dead men."

"I can see our shells bursting beyond the stream," said Oswald, the machine-gunner. "But of British none."

The garrison in the German "pill-box" looked anxiously and eagerly through their loopholes. The grey, stark field full of rain-misery, and disorderly and unlovely with mud, stretched down to the absurd little stream over which the British had attacked. The field was vacant and empty. The garrison could see the tossing spray of the German barrage beyond the stream. It fluffed up and died, it rose and fell like breaker-spray beating against a sea-wall; but the field was bitterly lonely with its dead. To the far left there seemed to be tumult. It was vague, smoky, misty, and it had no business with them. The area that they had to guard, the field raked by their loopholes and the brave little German machine-guns they fired from their loopholes, was bare.

"That is certain, then," said Johann. "We have beaten them off."

"We are too tough for them," agreed Oswald. "They cannot stand up against us. They have broken."

"Certainly they have gone altogether. We have smashed them," insisted Erich.

The men in the "pill-box" were elated. Their little circular fort, so strong with its 10-foot walls of concrete, had enabled them to resist and crush back the British attack with their machine-gun fire. They stood there rather proudly, listening to the turmoil of the battle that echoed hollowly and remotely in their tomb-like chamber. The noise of the battle seemed to them like a distant sea. After the feverish and clamorous noises of their own firing they felt that the silence of their small fort was curiously deep and impressive.

"They will come back again—yes?" asked Theodor.

"Perhaps," said Johann. "But we have beaten them very badly, I am sure."

"They will not be so anxious to break their teeth on our little iron fort," boasted Oswald.

"We are more than a match for these British," insisted Otto.

"Maybe they will shell us," suggested Theodor.

"Or send one of their tanks, eh?" scoffed Johann.

"It will have to be a big shell and a good gunner that will make us sneeze," sneered Oswald. "These walls can laugh at their gunnery."

"I wonder why they have become so quiet?" speculated Theodor. "Why, we cannot see a single one of them."

"No doubt," jerked Johann tartly, "they are in any shell-hole they can find. And they are shivering."

"It seems so very quiet."

It was, indeed, very quiet. With that muffled uproar outside, coming to them only as the deep breathing of a battle, the silence in the little fort was heavy, deep, engrossing. It seemed almost subterranean. Theodor thought that this place might be buried under the earth, with only the noises of a fight above them on the surface of the earth creeping down to them. The silence was so profound he thought of that. He shuddered—the silence of a grave must be like this silence.

He shuddered again, and said quickly:

"Where are the British shells falling, then? If we have beaten them back should not their guns——?"

"Where? What? How?" snarled Johann. "You ask too many questions, my man. Far too many questions. Be silent. It is enough that we should have beaten the wretches back."

Theodor looked with alarm at Johann. Johann's tone had been strange and strained. Was it that Johann also felt the silence? Was it, seeming strange, having an effect on his mind?

He looked round at all the men of the garrison. They were all standing about rather stiffly; they were throwing quick, nervous glances through their loopholes. The quiet seemed to be puzzling them—to be making them anxious. Why were the British so quiet? Why had the attack stopped so abruptly? How was it that the British, at one moment in full force, had now vanished so completely, so abruptly?

Why did this silence seem so ominous? Why did it weigh upon them so? Why did they feel so confined? Theodor felt himself boxed in. The walls of the little fort seemed to be close in upon him, to be confining him, to be like the walls of a grave. . . . Would not a man in a coffin, deep down in the earth, feel that he was boxed in in just this way?

What was it in this strange quietness that made him think of a coffin—made him think of a tomb?

A man at one of the loopholes started. He cried "Ah!" Johann at once snapped at him—snapped at him, though Johann was a mild man. "What is it, you lout?"

"I saw . . . I thought I saw . . ." he looked nervously through his loophole. "No," he said; "it was nothing."

"You are all behaving like fools," cried Johann, savagely. Theodor saw, to his astonishment, that Johann was sweating. "You are all behaving like fools. What has come over you? Why are you all fools?"

The men turned and looked at Johann, and they were nervous. They shuffled uneasily. Their eyes dropped when he looked at them. Their fingers played continuually with their belts and with their weapons. And it was silent, very silent.

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(Continued on page 616)

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"IN THE 'PILL-BOX'" (*concluded*)

They all stood nervously looking towards Johann. It was deadly quiet. The world seemed to have stopped still. But they were all waiting, it seemed, all waiting for something, all cringing before something. A minute went by, it seemed; it was but a second. Oswald suddenly cringed, he cringed backward, his finger went out, pointing. . . .

Something came through one of the loopholes. It was a round, black snout. It wobbled idiotically for a moment, like a blind thing sniffing out its prey. Then it steadied and pointed direct . . . . They watched that round, dark circle for an eternity. Hundreds of years passed—they could only gaze in frightened mesmerism. . . . The Lewis gun began to fire. . . .

The little fort was at once full of stinging, spitting hornets. The bullets hissed in, struck the solid walls, rebounded, flickered this way and that, flew everywhere, filled the chamber with a thousand buzzing, venomous, rebounding points of death. The "pill-box" was alive with these darting hornets of death. The noise of the Lewis gun made thunder in the room, and through this thunder the whirling shuttles of slaughter wove a mad and dismaying design of death. The "pill-box" was full of horror. The men fell down. Some began to scream. It was all madness. Oswald pulled his handkerchief out. He rushed sobbing to the nearest loophole. . . . Johann made for the door.

. . .

"My *word!*" said one of the British privates. "That was a damned quick trick. 'Arf a drum of Lewis, an' 'ere they are fallin' over each other to get out."

"An' look at the blokes! Blubbin'. Got the wind up proper, ain't they? You'd never 'ave thought from the way they fought at first they'd got the wind up like that. . . . 'Arf a drum of Lewis, only, too."

Yes, half a drum of Lewis-gun ammunition, plus something else. Something—what was it? The silence? W. Douglas Newton

Photograph *Bertram Park*

MISS JOAN HAY
in the (literally) striking part of Kalitza in "Arlette" at the Shaftesbury Theatre

"A Knight in Mufti"

"Rilette's" painting for H. Dennis Bradley is apropos of nothing. If it seeks a purpose it is merely to show that there may still be something in the world worth living for.

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Sole Proprietor H Dennis Bradley
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BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

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There will be, in the immediate future, a very considerable shortage of mufti materials. This shortage must of necessity become more acute the longer the war goes on, and will continue so until at least one year after peace is declared.

The cause is obvious. Military requirements have reduced the mufti output of the manufacturers to a minimum. The market prices are at the present moment nearly 100 per cent. more than in pre-war days, and will inevitably continue to increase. The reason Pope & Bradley have not advanced their prices in ratio is because they have anticipated the market and bought largely, and because they have rigidly avoided the odious temptation of war profiteering.

Britain has not yet reached the plight of Germany, necessitating the issue of clothes tickets, but the wise man will anticipate his needs at once, for the six guinea suit may cost him ten guineas before long.

Full mufti list and prices will be sent free on application.

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Photograph by Central News Photo Service

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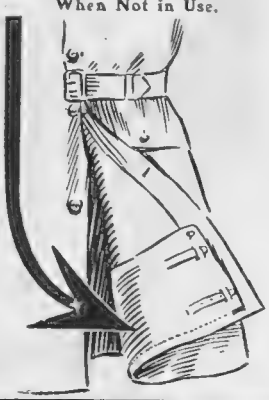

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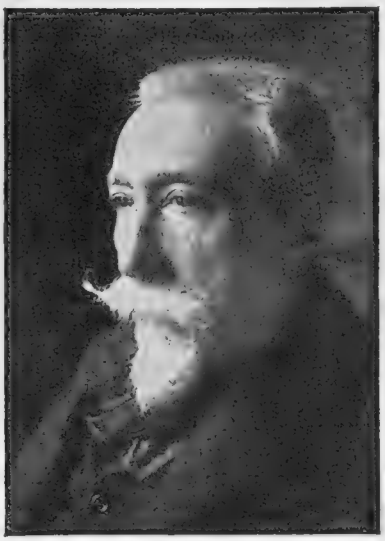
Books *of the* Week

"Ninety-Six Hours' Leave"

IN the *Ninety-Six Hours' Leave* (Methuen: 6*s.* net) of which Mr. Stephen McKenna has to tell you, young Kit Markham and his friends from France undergo enough adventures to satisfy even the most adventurous young lieutenants. The fun started when a dinner was proposed at the Semiramis Hotel. Kit had no dress-clothes, but he purchased a "natty suiting" somewhere in the Tottenham Court Road. (Not at all the sort of thing, by the way, for lieutenants in the R.F.A. to copy). If you go to the Semiramis, however, for dinner you must dress, unless you happen to be of Royal blood. Kit only had his natty suiting and wanted his dinner, so he became Prince Christofors of Catania.

When is a Prince Not a Prince?

Now it happened that Prince Christofors was expected that day in England on a special mission, though, as Kit and his friends knew, he had been detained by a lurking submarine in the Channel. You can, therefore, prepare yourself for all the horrible complications which are certain to follow, in spite of Kit's own cleverness, and in spite of the grand manners of his donnish friend and self-appointed equerry, Captain Fenwick. Moreover, at the beginning of his leave Kit had seen the most "frightfully lovely" girl at Victoria Station. The British Government, too, had appointed Major Lestrange to look after the Catanian prince while in England. In general all sorts of incredible things happened in those wonderful ninety-six hours, and the reader must share Kit's regret at their speedy ending. The book is light and amusing and exciting—just the sort of up-to-date fantasy that does you good to read to-day.



Photograph *Hoppé*

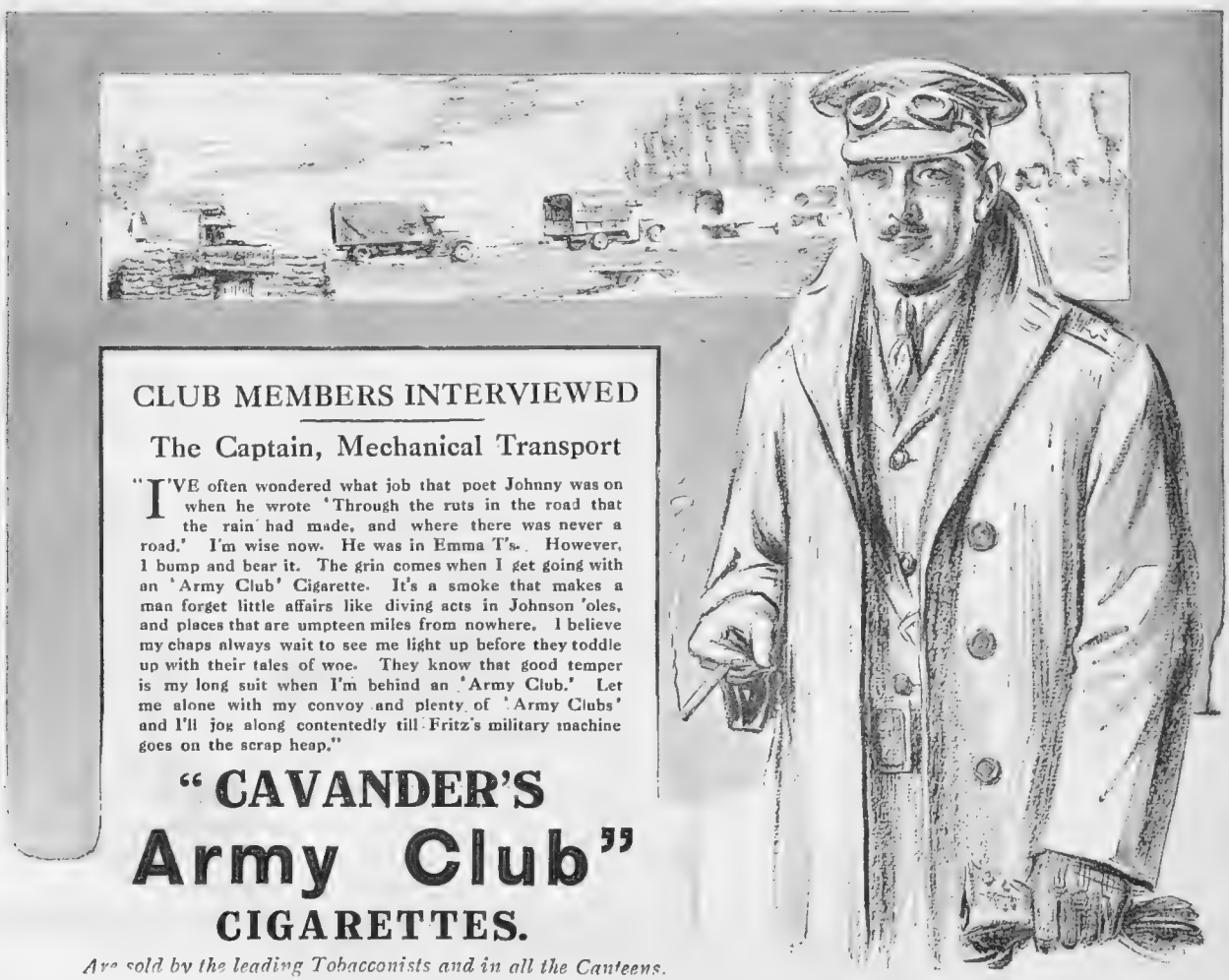
M. ANATOLE FRANCE

The veteran French writer, who is about to publish a new book entitled, "The Amethyst Ring"

"Jacob Tonson"

IT was a happy thought on Mr. Hugh Walpole's part to suggest to "Jacob Tonson" that a selection should be made from those unique criticisms of his which used to appear in the columns of the *New Age*. "Jacob Tonson" had little in common with the ordinary reviewer. He wrote simply and solely from the point of view of a creative artist, and this was hardly odd because "Jacob Tonson's" real name was Arnold Bennett. And now you have the pick of these entertaining

Continued on page 626)



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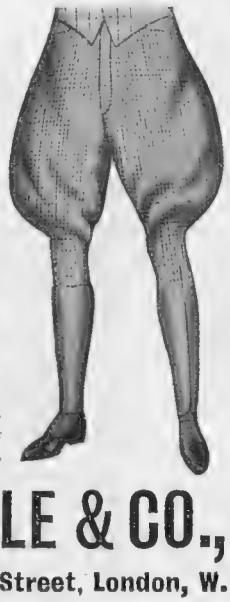

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The "John Bull"-Dog

Official photograph

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who has recently been paying a long-expected visit to the front, is here shown, with his secretary, in his gas-mask. There is no truth, we understand, in the rumour that Mr. Bottomley will continue to wear this becoming disguise on his return to this country

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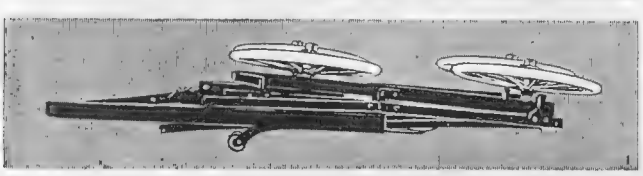

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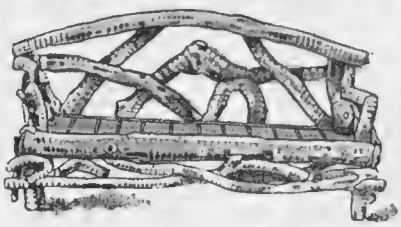

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded)

papers gathered together in *Books and Persons* (Chatto and Windus: 5*s.* net.). You might suppose that some of them would be out of date, but this is not so. Very much the reverse, in fact. It is delicious to hear "Jacob Tonson." on Mrs. Glynn, for instance, or Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is almost thrilling to read about people, now famous, who when these papers were written were practically unknown. And you cannot help thinking that the novelist makes, after all, the best critic.

It is all so fresh and virile and outspoken, and sufficiently personal to gain an additional interest on that score. You feel that the literary villains of the day are getting not one whit more than they really deserve. *Books and Persons*, indeed, is an enchanting book, even though I am bound to add that it may appeal more to authors than to the few people left in this country who have still to write their first book.

(EXCUSE OUR BLUSHES)
A group of "woundeds" photographed in the beautiful grounds of the East Leeds War Hospital

⁂ ⁂

"The Fortunes of Richard Mahony"

MR. H. H. RICHARDSON'S new novel, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* (Heinemann: 6*s.* net) is a notable piece of work. Without being exciting it traces in considerable detail the career of a young Irish doctor who came to Ballarat at the time of the great gold rush. Mahony did not at first set up as a doctor, but started as a general storeman. After his marriage, however, to the estimable Polly—surely the best sort of wife for young Australia—he returned to his rightful profession, and his prosperity increased with the prosperity of Ballarat. But Mahony is a man of moods, and the author is at pains to show just how he can go astray at such times as he is most antagonistic to his environment.

You take leave of him as he is about to sail for the old country, but as the book opens with the words "Australia Felix I.," you are justified in supposing that Mr. Richardson has planned further volumes with the same background, if not with the same set of people. Mahony at times may irritate you, but he will compel your interest, and his biography deserves reading in its entirety. There is a keen sense of life in these closely written pages, which are always entertaining, even when the action they portray tends towards the sluggish. R. S.

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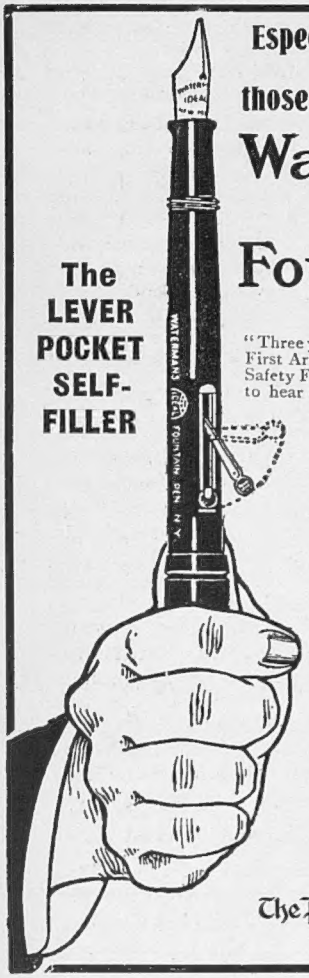

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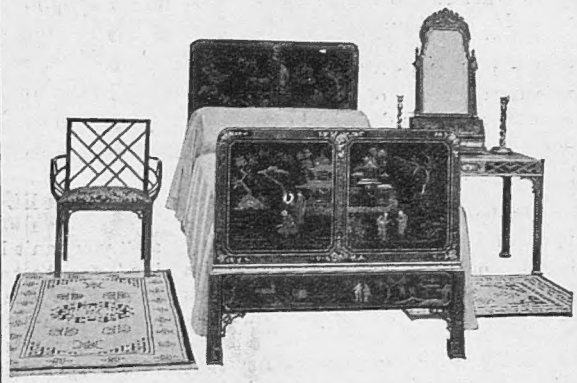

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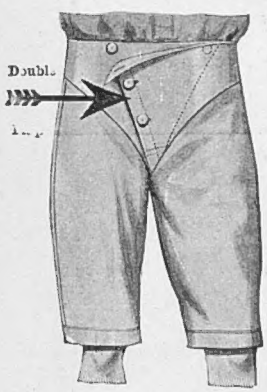

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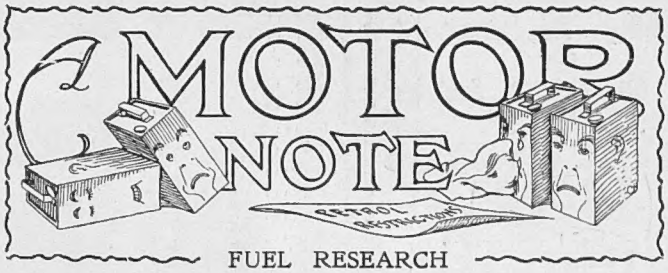

FUEL RESEARCH

Honorary Research

BECAUSE of the present domination by a virtual trust of the sources of available supply of motor fuel, the work, in this department, of the Scientific and Industrial Research Committee becomes important. This committee, with its State endowment of a million pounds, issued its first report over a year ago. It has just issued its second; and its second, so far as the fuel question is dealt with, indicates the large futility of reliance upon honorary committees for that speed of investigation which is absolutely indispensable if we are to be ready to handle, in any efficient way, the problems of reconstruction directly affected by mechanical road transport—by which the motor vehicle is connoted.

***

On Thinking

THE *Autocar*, feebly apologetic, says the report of the Fuel Research Board instituted by the Scientific and Industrial Research Committee, does not show "much in the way of research, but a good deal in that careful thinking which must precede successful research." Careful thinking may be going on; but just as "you can't be locked up for thinking" the most dreadful things, so you cannot be exalted for thinking the most epoch-making things until you show that you *are* so thinking, and indicate the lines of your thought.

AN AUSTIN AMBULANCE
On a six days trip over the mountains of the Caucasus

Which seems to be exactly what the Fuel Research Board has not done. Its share in the report indicates that it has been taking stock of sources of supply, a stocktaking that might have occupied a Board a week of very easy tabulation had it been alive and dependent upon results for its kudos or income.

***

Making Haste Slowly

BEING a committee of excellent persons who are not responsive to the spur of necessity, and who probably are much more concerned to suggest that "time occupied" in any investigation is the measure of the importance of information compiled, the Board has made haste slowly, as if any time will do; whereas the fact is that the "earliest moment possible" is of the essence of the case. The Board that can take a year to tell us very much what we knew before without its assistance, has absorbed "Royal Commission" precedent and method far too successfully for the comfort of those amongst us who recognise the enormous importance of fuel supply and the

(*Continued on page 630*)

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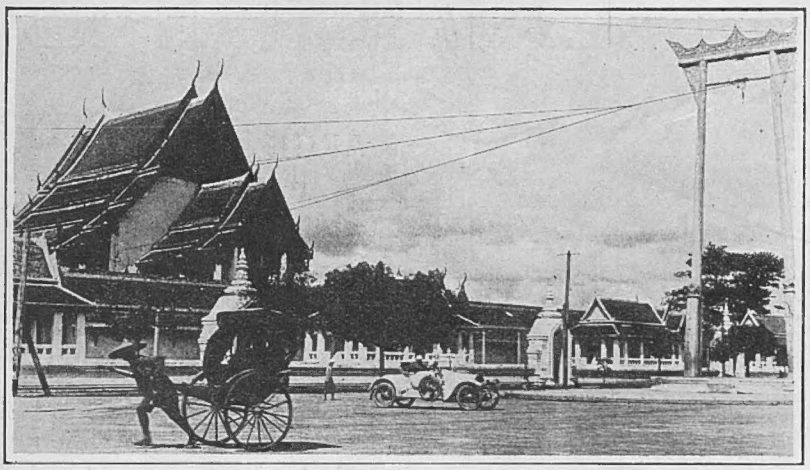
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

urgency of securing control of the sources of such supply, particularly home or safe sources.

***

The Need for "Hustle"

WHAT we want is a body of specialists who, without sacrifice of any necessary "careful thought," are susceptible to the influence of, and need for, hustle. A committee that is equal to taking years to report, helpfully, may just as well not sit. That sort of committee would by now, if it had started in August, 1914, be just about preparing a statement of the munition manufacturing possibilities of this country. It required an exponent of hustle in the person of Lloyd George to jump in and speed up the century-slow machinery of the usual committee or board. It looks as if another capable exponent of hustle will have to jump into the midst of the Fuel Research Board, and whip it along, if we are to get our results before they are useless.



A ROYAL DRIVER

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C.A.V. LAMP BULBS for CAR LIGHTING enable the motorist to get the best possible light. They are specially designed and strengthened to withstand vibration.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., (Ltd.), Acton, London, W.

The Fool and His Folly

IN the matter of the pirate taxi-man, what about a sort of "society of those who love in the service of those who suffer"—a solemn oath taken by taxi-kind to pay the clock fare only at the slightest sign of the brigand in the taxi-man when hired? He is standing upon your "softness." A definite and organised effort to make him sorry would succeed immediately. It wants a little "nerve"—which is in itself most humiliating. But I met the need for it only to-day, and the result left me chortling — afterwards. From the Midland Grand to London Road Station, Manchester, is a shilling fare as the dial affirmed. I paid one-and-six. "Fare's one-and-six," said the fool taximan. "So sorry," said I, toying with half-a-crown and taking back the one-and-six, and—"you're a liar, and also an idiot!" quoth I, returning one shilling. "That's your fare; and thank your stars I've only five minutes for the train or I would most certainly have summoned you." And I left him sorrowing, for I did feel most horribly cheap. It's the only way. Salve your soul by doubling the tip to the decent fellows—there are still some of them on cabs—but make the fool sorry for his foolishness.

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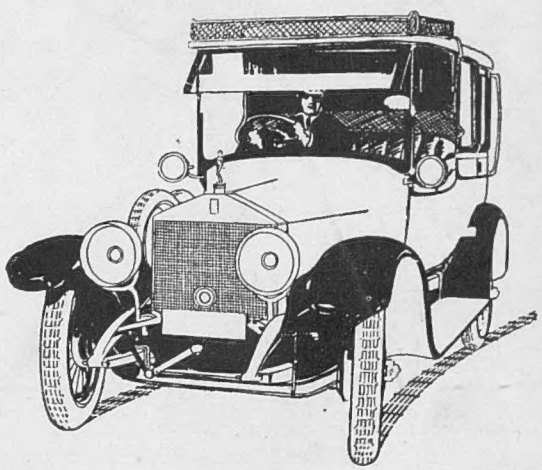

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